

sitting pretty in the prime of life

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32613202) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32613202>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Dream SMP , Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Porn , breath play , Grinding , Masturbation , Mutual Masturbation , Phone Sex , Texting , Sexting , basically they send "suggestive pics" to each and end up online fucking , Phone Calls & Telephones , Praise Kink , Hand Jobs , Hand & Finger Kink , Finger Sucking , Smut , Threesome - M/M/M , Choking , Dirty Talk , they dirty talk a lot okay , Webcam/Video Chat Sex
Language:	English
Collections:	MCYT , YOUTUBERS/STREAMERS , Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-16 Words: 4045

sitting pretty in the prime of life

by Anonymous

Summary

George: how are you supposed to take a... suggestive pic?

Dream didn't expect that question to end up with them getting off in the same call together.

Notes

im sorry idk what this is. also im pretty sure ive seen a fic like this before but i couldnt find it, so i rewrote my own version. if u remember that fic, pls tell me i miss it

- Inspired by [Ideal Illusion](#) by [aimlesscalamity](#)

Dream sighed, rolling onto his other side before his shoulder started to hurt. His legs were tangled loosely into his sheets, one foot tapping against his mattress subconsciously. He scrolled through his phone, blinking blankly at the numerous tweets he saw blur past.

There wasn't anything specifically interesting on his timeline, just fans getting excited about Tommy, Tubbo and Ranboo meeting up. Dream had watched the stream himself, excited for the boys to meet after so long.

But he couldn't help but feel jealous.

Because Dream wanted to be able to see his two best friends, wanted to touch them and hold hands and throw things at them just because they *could*. But instead of being all together like the 'bench trio' was, the Dream Team were miles apart from each other; George being in England and Sapnap being in Texas.

They had considered Sapnap moving in with Dream, but had decided that they should all move in at the same time so that George didn't feel left out.

It still made Dream hurt.

He sighed, ready to turn his phone off, before a notification appeared at the top of his screen. It was a discord message from George, apparently, on the trio's group chat.

Dream clicked the notification, yawning as the discord icon appeared and the app loaded in. Yawning, he read through the past messages before finally trailing his eyes across George's recent message.

Gogs *uhhh i need help*

The blonde blinked the text, eyebrows furrowing. That was an odd message. Was he okay, was he in danger, what if he—

Ding!

Sappy *whats this, gogy needs our hlep?*

*help***

Gogs *im fine, i just need an opinion on something*

Sappy *... ur acting weird but okay*

Gogs *sorry, its just kind of a strange thing to ask*

Dream brought his thumbs up to his screen, squinting in the darkness of his room.

Dre *whats up*

Gogs *this is awkward lmao*

Sappy *george, we literally watched porn together, wdym*

Gogs *okay true uhh*

how are you supposed to take a like... suggestive pic?

Dream's brain blanked for a moment before he registered what his friend was asking. Like *nudes*? Who was George sending nudes to? Apparently Sapnap was on the same train of thought, as he soon replied.

Sappy *YOURE SENDING NUDES TO SOMEONE? WHO*

Dre *you never told us u were dating anyone):*

Dream tried not to feel slightly jealous. It was a kind of jealousy that curled around his throat as he swallowed it back in shame. He shouldn't feel jealous of some random girl his friend was dating.

Gogs *ITS NOT LIKET HAT YOU IDIOTS*

Sappy *awww is georgie embarrassed?*

Gogs *its a weird thing to ask u guys lol*

but i havent really done online shit before

Dre *did she send u a nude or soemthin?*

Gogs *it wasn't nude, it was just... suggestive*

so any ideas?

Dream sat there for a moment, considering what to say. What did suggestive even mean? With girls it was easy but how do guys take suggestive photos without sticking their hand down their pants?

Before he could even come up with an answer, a .png was loading in from Sapnap. Dream clicked it before it even loaded fully, throat closing as he suddenly choked on air.

Fuck .

The photo had Sapnap aiming his camera in the mirror, his reflection lit slightly from his flash in the dark room. Light grey sweatpants hung loosely around his hips, low so that the waistband of his boxers and the sharp jut of his hip bones could be seen. Dream's breath hitched as he ran his eyes over the ravenette's lean abdomen which was only exposed because his shirt's hem was pulled between his teeth. His hair was messy and dark, one hand stretching the band of his boxers down until Dream could see the slight beginning of dark hairs.

Dream swallowed, clicking out of the photo to see the following messages.

Sappy *something like this?*

Gogs *holy shit, sap*

Sappy *what, like what u see?*

It took a moment for his shaking fingers to skim across the keyboard.

Dre *u look really hot*

Sappy *woah a dream compliment*

im honored

Dre *its true ur hot as fuck*

Gogs *okay wait*

is this good?

Dream almost whined when the next photo loaded in, finding it hard not to be automatically turned on.

George had taken Sapnap's example of taking a mirror selfie, however had lowered to the floor instead. His feet were tucked under his butt, thighs spread and one hand gripping the flesh there. Loose black shorts were pushed up closer to his hips, a cropped polo shirt unbuttoned to expose his pale collarbones. His cheeks were flushed, lips redder than usually and parted, bed hair falling into his eyes.

And Dream couldn't *breathe* .

What the fuck were they trying to do to him? Kill him?

Sappy *fuck*

Dre ^^

Gogs *is there something wrong with it?*

George knew *exactly* what Sapnap and Dream were saying, but was clearly playing the innocent, oblivious card. Dream could just push him if he was going to be a brat.

Dre *it means we think u look really fucking hot, george*

Gogs is typing...

Then the small '...' symbol disappeared and Dream wondered if he'd gone too far. But then another photo was loading in.

George still had his camera faced at his reflection, but this time his back was facing the mirror and his head was angled to the side. He was crouching on his ankles now, the closest knee parallel to his hips with a hand stretched down to the end of it. His other knee balanced his weight on the floor, thighs still spread. But this time Dream could see it from the *other side* .

And Dream knew George probably had a pretty nice ass. He'd seen him in sweats and shorts and wet pants that *definitely* clung to all the right places. But this was... different. George's back was arched slightly so that his pert butt looked even rounder, and Dream could imagine his whole hand gripping around it—

Dream felt all the heat flush down to his dick, hands suddenly feeling clammy.

Gogs *this better for you, dream?*

Dre *fuck, george*

dont do that

Gogs *do what?*

Dre *look that hot and expect me to not do anything*

Gogs *what were you thinking of doing?*

Dream pulled his lip between his teeth, groaning.

Sappy *i know what im thinking of doing*

A photo was sent with the text, this time darker. Sapnap's palm was cupped around the base of his clothed dick, sweats and boxers still on. Dream could see the trail of hair creeping into the waistband of the boxers, a sharp v-line fading into black fabric.

And *god*, Dream didn't think he could take this much longer. His own boxers were feeling awfully tight, his stomach turning with arousal.

Gogs *what, youre gonna jerk off?*

dream hasn't even sent his contribution yet

Shit. Fuck. They wanted *him* to send a photo? He couldn't, especially considering the fact that he was already hard and sweaty under his sheets. What could he do? There was nothing really special about him that would turn anyone on...

He contemplated it for a moment before opening his photo app and turning the front camera on. A large hand stretched until it was wrapped around his own throat, index finger curling around his jaw and thumb pressing into his jugular on the other side. He squeezed slightly, sighing at the flush of arousal that it always gave him. The button was pressed and Dream slowly released his hand, kind of missing the feeling of it around his neck.

He looked at the photo. His jaw looked sharp in the low lighting, veins on his hand standing out in the way that all his fans had obsessed over. And his hand was *big*. He already knew that, but seeing how his hand swallowed the majority of his neck so easily made him realise just *how* big. His lips were parted lightly, wet with spit, and his tongue could be seen resting just above the bottom row on his teeth so it looked like he was panting.

It was hot, Dream would admit. So he sent it to the chat, waiting nervously for his friends' reponses.

A second passed before the screen moved.

Sappy *god fuck*

Dream smirked slightly. Now they knew how he felt.

Dre *feelin alright there, sap?*

Sappy *more than alright*

fuck

This time Sapnap sent through a video, and Dream felt his mouth water. The younger man had his camera faced towards his hips, clearly laying down in bed. One knee was lifted, his opposite hand trailing light touches down his stomach and navel before reaching under his sweatpants and gripping onto what Dream assumed was his dick.

The blonde had to hold back a whine at Sapnap's breathy moan that rang quietly through his phone's speaker, his voice low and raspy in a way that made Dream's thighs clench and accidentally put pressure on his dick.

He gasped, replaying the video as his cock hardened. He placed a hand between his hip bones, trailing fingers across the sensitive skin there and pulling his lip between his teeth.

Dream got an idea suddenly, lifting the hand off his skin and lifting it up towards his mouth. He turned the camera back on, starting the recording as he aimed the phone so that only his nose, mouth and jaw were in frame. A wet tongue ran across his parted lips, two fingers reaching up to brush the flushed skin. Barely a second passed before he was pushing his fingers into his mouth, keeping his lips wide so that the camera could see his tongue swirl around the digits. He then dragged the fingers out before pushing them back, starting a smooth rhythm. A moan escaped his mouth as he pushed a third finger between his lips, cheeks hollowing out and lips sucking messily. After a few moments of him sucking his fingers clean, he pulled the three digits out and let the string of spit dangle between his lips and fingers before it snapped.

The video ended and Dream sent it to the chat, now-wet fingers reaching under the hem of his boxers.

Sappy *god shit fcuk ddream*

bet youve got a good mouht too

Dream sighed at the message, letting himself relax into his mattress and fingers brush over the base of his cock. He was so sensitive and even the slightest touch made his toes twitch.

He looked down at his screen as George sent through a video, clicking it immediately.

The brunette still had his camera faced towards the mirror, position similar to the first photo he'd sent. But this time the hand not holding his phone was placed on the ground between his thighs, arm locked straight as he grinded forward into his forearm. His hips rolled smoothly as George panted lightly into the microphone, keening every once in a while.

Dream could barely type out a message with his shaky thumb.

Dre *fuckfckfck canwe cal?*

Sappy *pleas fkc i need to hear yuo in realt ime*

A second passed before the video call sound rang through his phone speaker, Dream clicking it without a second thought. He connected to the image of George still grinding forward into his wrist with smooth rolls of his hips, a small grin pulling at his lips as Sappnap and him joined.

"Holy fuck," the youngest panted out as his video connected, camera showing his jaw as he leaned back in pleasure. "I wanna touch you both so bad right now, *fuck*."

Dream whined at that, pushing his sweats and boxers down until he was fully exposed. He reached into his shelf, grabbing the half-empty bottle of lube before dousing a bit of it on his hand and reaching back down to his flushed dick.

"Yeah?" George hummed. "What would you do if we were with you, Sap?"

"I'd have Dream suck me off while you rode him with those pretty little hips of yours," said Sappnap, tongue wetting his lips. "Stretch his throat wide open as you fucked yourself on his dick."

Dream moaned at the image Sap had painted, imagining the feeling of a thing, hot dick in his mouth as George rolled his ass down onto his cock. He was probably tight and wet and *so so* perfect.

“Mmm,” George whined lowly. “Bet Dream would love having— *mng*— having something in his mouth. Probably suck you down like he did with his fingers.”

The blonde nodded, grunting. “I’d tip my head off the side of the bed so you can fuck my mouth nice and good. You’d wrap your hand around my throat and feel your dick sliding in and out.”

“ *Fuck!* ” Sap exclaimed. “You like being choked, Dreamie?”

Said man keened in agreement. “Yes, yes, *fuck* .”

Dream had never told anyone about how much he was turned on by breath play, despite it being one of his favourite things during sex. The high he got after being choked for a while made him all dazed and light, like he was floating.

He hadn’t even noticed George’s change in position, the man’s fingers now circling his ass as he lowered down onto them, releasing the most beautiful sound Dream had ever heard.

“You got any toys on you, Georgie?” the blonde asked through breathless pants.

George nodded, whining as he reached out of the camera’s view. When his hand returned, there was a blue vibrator and remote. He inserted the vibrator into the ring of muscle with a high keen.

“What setting?” he asked, blushing.

Sapnap replied before Dream could, “the middle one, baby.”

Dream watched as the brunette set the phone down on the floor so that the other two could see him lean back against his bed, clicking the button on the remote. The man’s toes curled immediately, one hand grasping behind him at the bed sheets and the other squeezing around the base of his dick. The sound that he made rang straight down to between Dream’s legs, making him gasp.

“Fuck, fuck, *fuck* ,” George panted out, head tipping back into the mattress behind him. “God , *shit* — ”

“Go grab a pillow, princess,” Dream ordered breathlessly. “I wanna see you riding it like the slut you are.”

Sapnap groaned loudly at his words, position suddenly shifting as the camera shook. When it came back into focus, it was propped up against one of his pillows, his whole body in shot as he grinded down into his own hand. One hand was placed on the mattress in front of him to support his weight, the other squeezing tightly without moving so that he could fuck into it harshly.

“You imagining fucking into my throat, baby?” Dream slurred out, moaning loudly as he rolled his thumb over the tip of his dick. “Bet you’d fuck nice and deep, wouldn’t you? I could take it, I’d let you use me until you came down my throat.”

“ *Fuck* , Dream,” Sapnap cursed. “Your voice sounds so fucking hot like this. Bet it’d be even more raspy after I use it to get off.”

George’s whines suddenly cut through their dirty talk, and Dream looked back to his phone to see the brunette grinding down into a pillow. His skin was flushed, face desperate as he rocked his hips back and forth, trying to get any sort of friction.

“Turn the vibrator up for us, darlin’ ,” Sapnap cooed. “Highest setting.”

A loud keen fell from the eldest's lips as he clicked the button, his hand immediately clapping over his mouth to muffle the sounds. His grinding sped up, hips rolling even further forward.

"Take your hand off," Dream ordered firmly, feeling satisfied when George removed the hand on his mouth and more moans fell from his wet lips. "God, baby, you look so good for us. You're probably tight as well, hm? Tight and wet and warm as you ride my cock?"

George whined. "Would you grab my hips? Spread your hands — *fuck they're so big* — o-over my thighs?"

Dream's breath stuttered at the image being painted in his mind: George's small body moving up and down above him as he rolled his hips down desperately, Dream's hands pulling his hips up and down to meet each thrust; Sapnap leaning over and biting bruises across his tanned skin, one hand around his throat and the other gripping George's cock. The ravenette would grip his throat so tightly that he wouldn't be able to breathe, his head going light and dazed before Sapnap let him breathe again.

He'd probably have bruises for days.

"He'd do anything for you, princess," Sapnap agreed, "as long as you're a good boy for us."

George whined through closed lips. "I'd be good, so good— *so, so fucking good*."

"Okay then, Georgie," Dream grinned. "Stop moving and turn the vibrator off."

The older man gasped, eyes opening wide as he looked into the camera. "But— *please, Dream*—"

"I thought you said you'd be good."

George whined, hips stuttering to a halt which his body so desperately *didn't* want to do. He pressed the remote's off button, whimpering as the loss of any stimulation. His knees pushed his crotch away from the pillow, leaving him absolutely deprived of any touch.

"How're you feeling, baby?" the blonde hummed out.

"All fuzzy," the other man whimpered back, hips twitching. "It tingles. *Please*, Dream."

"Hm," Dream hummed as if considering the question. "What do you think, Sap? Should Georgie be allowed to keep going?"

Sapnap was still panting as he thrust down into his hand. "Only if he promises to make the prettiest sounds for us. You can do that, yeah, princess?"

George nodded desperately, hips moving down quickly when Dream nodded in agreement. The hum of the vibrator began again as he pressed the highest setting.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, feels so good, Dream."

"What do you say to Sapnap?"

The oldest man whined. "Thank you Sap, *thank you*, f-fuck."

"You're welcome, baby," the other man hummed in response. "Dream, I want you to choke yourself for me."

The blonde moaned loudly at the order. "B-but the camera—"

“Prop it up somewhere, sweetheart. I wanna see you get all flushed and desperate.”

Dream did as he said, placing the camera at a position that they could still see him jerking himself off while he wrapped a large hand around his throat. Sapnap gave affirmation to squeeze, and Dream did just as he asked, gripping tightly until it was difficult to pull any air into his lungs. He felt delirious at the feeling, not able to pant or moan as his hand sped up.

“Imagine it’s my hand there, darlin’. Imagine me tightening my grip and being in control of when you’re allowed to breathe,” Sapnap choked out. “I’d fuck you nice and hard, too, until you can’t walk.”

Dream moaned as he released his grip, vision coming back as the black splotches faded from his eyes. “Hm? I reckon I’d fuck you nice and slow, make you beg for it as I pressed you up against the wall. You’d be writhing on my dick by the time I even start thrusting. Hm? You wanna be nothing but a cock warmer for me?”

“God, *yes*, I’d sit on your dick for however l-long you wanted,” Sapnap groaned out.

George suddenly whined loudly. “D-dream? Sap? I’m gonna— gonna cum.”

“Stop.”

The eldest almost cried out when Dream ordered his movements to a halt, switching the vibrator off dejectedly. His thighs were shaking, a hand running through sweaty hair to distract himself from the throbbing between his legs.

“Fuck!” Sapnap exclaimed before he was suddenly cumming over his sheets, still thrusting into his hand as he rode out his high. His head arched back with a low whine as his hand hips slowed.

“Come for me, Dream.”

Dream followed soon after, hand squeezing around his throat as tight as possible as he climaxed suddenly. He didn’t release his grip until his hips slumped back down to the mattress, grimacing slightly at the wet sheets.

George was still whimpering on the screen, and Dream lifted the phone to see him better.

“Please, *please*, baby,” George whined. “I’ve been *good*, please—”

“Start again, gorgeous,” Dream hummed, rolling onto his side to admire the older man as he began thrusting down into the pillow again, movements desperate and sloppy. “You’re doing so good, look so pretty for us. I wanna kiss you, sweetheart, taste you.”

“Mh, bet he tastes good too,” Sapnap sighed from where was slumped against his mattress, hair sticking everywhere. He looked totally fucked out, chest rising and falling with each pant.

“Do you taste good, baby?” Dream continued.

George whimpered.

“He asked you a question, Georgie,” Sapnap growled at the lack of a response.

“Yes, yes! I’m close,” the brunette whined. “Can I cum? Please? *P-please?* ”

Dream hummed low in his sore throat. “You wanna come, sweetheart? Bet you’d be all messy and sloppy when you cum around my cock, getting it all over my chest.”

“You’d both be so pretty like that,” the youngest complimented, still breathless.

“Please!”

“Alright gorgeous. You’ve been so perfect, you can cum for us now,” Dream purred out.

George keened as he came all over the pillow cover, hips stuttering as they slowed. His whole body was shaking, even after he slumped onto the floor and pushed the pillow away. He clicked the vibrator off with jittery hands, pulling it out of his ass at the same time.

“Thank you, *thank you*,” he sighed.

“Of course, baby,” Dream cooed. “You did so well.”

Sapnap chuckled, the sound raspy and dark. “You both looked so fucking hot. I wanna touch you, *god*. I wanna feel you.”

Dream sighed. “Same, sweetheart, but we have to wait a bit, don’t we?”

George whined quietly. “I don’t wanna wait, I wanna kiss you.”

“I’ll kiss you as much as you want when we meet up, yeah? I’ll kiss you both for the whole first day together,” said Dream and George smiled in response.

“You’re an idiot,” the brunette rolled his eyes.

Sapnap snorted. “Yeah, well you just got off to us idiots, so I guess it’s even now. By the way, Dream, your voice is raspy as fuck after that. Is your throat okay?”

Said blonde shrugged, looking at his own screen to see the beginnings of a hand-shaped bruise around his throat. “It’s alright, I’m used to it.”

“Fuck, darlin’, you really went all out.”

Dream blushed lightly. “It’s not my fault it turns me on.”

The other two chuckled slightly as they all shifted into a slightly more comfortable position. George seemed to struggle a bit with standing since his legs were shaking so much, but eventually flopped onto his mattress.

“What... what do we do now?” Sap asked hesitantly, as if he was afraid of the answer.

Dream chewed on his lip. “Well I don’t know about you but I really fucking enjoyed it. And... and I really like you guys too, so...”

The ravenette smiled brightly, eyes twinkling even in the darkness of his room. “Thank fuck, I’ve been pining after you assholes for ages.”

George giggled. “I can’t say I haven’t imagined it before.”

The blonde let his lips pull into a smirk. “What *kind* of imagining were you doing, Georgie?”

“Oh shut up!”

Sapnap sighed, chuckling. “That was good. Definitely not what I had expected when I sent the first photo.”

“Really? I thought you two were trying to kill me,” Dream snorted.

“Dream the photo of your hand was huge jerk-off material and you’re saying *we* were the ones teasing?” asked Sap incredulously.

George made a disgusted sound all of a sudden. “I’m all sticky and gross. I’m gonna have to throw that pillow out now, idiots.”

The other two fell into fits of laughter as George glared at his phone.

When Dream had finally regained his breath, he smiled. “We should go clean up, then. I gotta change my sheets as well.”

“Yeah,” Sapnap sighed. “I’m gonna need a shower after this.”

“Text after?” George asked quietly.

Dream nodded. “Of course, sweetheart.”

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